

A most excellent Ballad of S. George for England and the Kings daughter of Egypt, whom he delivered from death, and how he slew a mighty Dragon. The tune is flying fame.



Of Hector's deeds did Homer sing
and of the sack of Ilium Troy
What grief fair Helen did them bring,
which was in Paris only joy.
And with my pen I must recite
of George's deeds an English knight
Against the Sarazens full rude,
fought he full long and many a day.
Where many Gyants he subdu'd
in honour of the Christian way
And after many adventures past
To Egypt land he came at last
And as the story plain doth tell
Within the Countrey there did rest
A dreadful Dragon fierce and fell
whereby they were full sore oppress'd,
Who by his poisoned breath each day
Did many of that City slay,
The grief whereof did grow so great
throughout the limits of the land
That they their wise men did intreat
to shew them cunning out of hand
which way they might this Dragon slay
That did their Countrey so annoy.
The wise men all before the King,
framed this matter in content,
The Dragon none to death might bring,
by any means they would invent
his skin more hard then brass was found
that might so or so pierce or wound.
When then the people understood
they cryed out most pitiously
The Dragons breath infected their blood,
that they in heaps each day did dye
Amongst them such a plague it bred.
The living scarce could bury the dead
So mean there was as they could find
for to appease this Dragons rage
But by a virgin pure and kind,
whereby they might his fury slay
Each day he should a Maiden eat
For to allay his hunger great.

This thing by art the wise men found
which truly must observed be
wherefore throughout the City round
a Virgin pure of good degree
Was by the Kings Commission still
look up to serve the Dragons will
Thus did the Dragon every day
a Maiden of the Town devour,
Till all the Maidens were worn away
and none were left that present hour,
Saying the Kings fair Daughter bright,
Her Fathers joy and hearts delight.
Then came the Officers to the King
this heavy message to declare,
Which did his heart with sorrow sting
As is quoth he my Kingdoms heir
O let us all be poisoned here,
For she should dye that is my dear
When told the people presently,
and to the King in rage they went
Who said his daughter dear should dye
the Dragons fury to prevent,
Our daughters all are dead quoth they
And have been made the Dragons prey,
And by their blood we have been blest
and thou hast said thy life thereby
And now in justice it doth rest,
for as thy daughter so should dye
O save my daughter said the King,
And let me feel the Dragons sting,
When told fair Sabine on her knee,
and to her Father then did say,
O Father strike not thus for me,
but let me be the Dragons prey,
It may be for my sake alone,
This plague upon this Land was shewn
'Tis better I should dye the said
then all your Subjects perish quite
Perhaps the Dragon here was laid
for my offence to wash this sight,
And after he hath sucked my gore
your Land shall feel the grief no more.

What hast thou done my daughter dear
for to deserve this heavy scourge,
It is my fault as may appear
which makes I goos our state to grudge
Then ought I to atone the strife,
And to preserve thy happy life.
Like madmen then the people cry'd,
thy death to us can do no good,
Our safety only doth abate
to make thy daughter Dragons food.
No more am I, I come quoth she,
wherefore do what you will with me
Pay stay dear daughter quoth the Queen
and as thou art a Virgin bright,
Thou hast for virtue famous been
so let me clothe thee all in white,
And crown the head with flowers sweet,
An ornament for virgins meet.
And when she was attired so,
according to her Mothers mind,
Unto the Lake then did she go,
to which they did this Virgin bind.
Who being bound to stake and thorn
she had farewell unto them all.
Farewell dear Father then quoth she
and my sweet Mother meek and mild,
Take you no thought nor weep for me
for you may have another child,
Here for my Countreys good I dye
which I receive most willingly,
The King and Queen with all their train
with weeping eyes went then their way
And let their Daughter there remain
to be the hungry Dragons prey.
But as she did there weeping lye
Behold St. George came riding by,
And seeing there a Lady bright
fast tied to the stake that dye
spoke unto a valiant knight
that unto her did take his way
Till me sweet maiden then quoth he
what person thou art abused thee.
And low by Christ his Cross I vow
which here is figured on my breast
I will revenge it on his brow
and break my lance upon his chest,
And speaking thus whereas he stood
The Dragon stand out of the wood
The Lady that did first espy,
the dreadful Dragon coming so
Unto St. George loud did cry
and wished him away to go
Here comes that cursed fiend quoth she,
What son wilt make an end of me
St. George then lying round about
the fiend Dragon soon espied
And like a knight of courage stout
against him he did fiercely ride
And with such blows he did him beat
that he fell under his horse feet.

For with a lance that was so long,
as he came galing in his face
In at his mouth he thrust it long
the which could pierce no other place
And there within this Ladies dye
This dreadful Dragon then he sle.
The favor of his poisoned breath
could do this Christian knight no harm
Thus did he save the Lady from death
and by him he led her by the arm
Which when Peolomy did see
There was great mirth and melody
When as the famous King Saint George
his Lady the Dragon in the field
And brought the Lady to the Court
where she might with joy their hearts hold
He in the Egyptian Court then staid
Till he most false was betray'd
The Lady Sabine loved him well
he counted her his only joy,
But when their love was open known
it proved to Georges great annoy
The Morocco King was in the Court
who to the Duchess did resort
To take the pleasant Apr
for pleasures sake he us'd to wait
Under a wall whereas he heard
St. George with Lady Sabine talk
Their love he revealed to the King
Which to St. George great wo did bring
These Kings together did devise
to make the Christian knight away
With letters him Embassadors
they straight way sent to Persia
And wrote to Sophy him to kill,
And traitorously his blood to spill
Thus they for good did him reward
with evil and most subtilly,
By much vile means they did devise
to work his death most cruelly,
While he in Persia abode
He quite forgot his oath of god.
Which being done, he straight was cast
into a Dungeon dark and deep
But when he thought upon his wrong
he bitterly did weep and weep.
Yet like a Knight of courage stout,
Forth of the Dungeon he got out
And in the night the horsekeepers
this valiant knight by power slew
Although he fasted many a day
and then away from thence he flew
On the best steed that Sophy had
Which when he knew he was full sad
Then into Christendom he came
and met a Gyant by the way
With whom in combat he did fight
most valiantly a Summers day,
Who for all his dates of steel
was for the King of death to feel.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertson.

From Christendom this valiant knight
then with warlike shout he ran
Holding upon those Heathen Lands
to work revenge which at the last
He with three years were gone spent,
He did unto a great content,
Save only Egypt Land he spared
for Sabine might her only save,
And ere his rage he did suppress,
he meant a royal kind to make,
Peolomy did know his strength in field
And unto him did kindly yield
Then he the Morocco King did kill
and took fair Sabine to his wife
And after that contentedly
with her St. George did lead her life,
Who by the virtue of his chain
Did still a Virgin pure remain
To England then St. George did bring
this gallant Lady Sabine bright.
An Church also came with him,
in whom the Lady did delight.
None but these three from Egypt came
to let us point St. Georges fame.
When they were in a forest great
the Lady did desire to rest
and then St. George to kill a Deer
to feed thereon did think it best
Left Sabine and the Church there
While he did go and kill a Deer
The mean time in his absence came
two hungry Lyons fierce and fell
and tore the Church presently.
In pieces small the truth to tell
Down by the Lady then they laid,
Whereby it seems she was a maid
But when St. George from hunting came
and did behold this deed by chance
For this lovely Virgin pure
his courage then he did advance,
and came into the Lions sight
who ran at him with all their might.
But he being no whit dismay'd
but like a stout and valiant knight
Did kill the hungry Lions both
within the Lady Sabines sight
But all this while she and her nurse
who had there like a Virgin pure
When then St. George did truly know,
this Lady was a Virgin pure
His valiant thoughts that ere were dumb
began most firmly to renew
He set her on a palfrey steed,
and towards England came with speed.
Where he arrived in short while
unto his Fathers dwelling place
Where with his father and his wife
when fortune did their nuptials grace,
They many years of joy did see
and led their lives at Coventry.